

E.L. Bartlett Elisha

by

Osler, William

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ELISHA BARTLETT,

A RHODE ISLAND PHILOSOPHER.

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AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE RHODE ISLAND
MEDICAL SOCIETY, DEC. 7th, 1899.

BY

WILLIAM OSLER, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF MEDICINE, JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

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With an Appendix containing DR. BARTLETT'S
sketch of Hippocrates.



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ELISHA BARTLETT,
A RHODE ISLAND PHILOSOPHER.

Rhode Island can boast of but one great philosopher,—one to whose flights in the empyrean neither Roger Williams nor any of her sons could soar,—the immortal Berkeley, who was a transient guest in this State, waiting quietly and happily for the realization of his Eutopian schemes. Still he lived long enough in Rhode Island to make his name part of her history; long enough in America to make her the inspiration of his celebrated lines on the course of empire. Elisha Bartlett, teacher, philosopher, author, of whom I am about to speak, whom you may claim as the most distinguished physician of this State, has left no deep impression on your local history or institutions. Here he was born and educated, and to this, his home, he returned to die; but his busy life was spent in other fields, where to-day his memory is cherished more warmly than in the land of his birth.

I.

Born at Smithfield in 1804, Bartlett was singularly fortunate in his parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, strong, earnest souls, well endowed with graces of the head and of the heart. The gentle life, the zeal for practical righteousness and the simplicity of the faith of the followers of Fox, put a hall-mark on the sensitive youth which the rough usage of the world never obliterated. No account of Bartlett's early life and school-days exists—an index that they were happy and peaceful. We may read in his poem called "An Allegory," certain autobiographical details, transferring the

BIRTH AND
BOYHOOD.

"Meadow and field, and forest, dale and hill;
Orchards, green hedgerows, gardens, stately trees,"

from the old England which he describes to the banks of Narragansett Bay. Paraphrasing other parts of the poem, we may say that auspicious stars shone over his cradle with the

kindest light and promise, and amid the genial air of a New England home, goodness, truth and beauty were his portion. He tells of the wonder and delight stirred in his young soul by the thousand tales of "fairies and genii, giants, dwarfs and that redoubtable and valiant Jack who slew the giants." Then, as the days lengthened, he came under the spell of "The Arabian Nights" and of "Robinson Crusoe." Looking back in after years, he compared this hearty, wholesome life to some bounteous spring that wells up from the deep heart of the earth. Addison, Goldsmith and Washington Irving filled his soul with freshness like the dawn,

"And led by love and kindness, ran the hours
Their merry round till boyhood passed away."

In the ruder discipline and strife of school and college he grew to manhood with (as he expressed it) "a fine free healthfulness," and with faculties self-poised and balanced.

At Smithfield, at Uxbridge, and at a well-known Friends' institution in New York, Bartlett obtained a very thorough preliminary education. Details of his medical course are not at hand, but after studying with Dr. Willard, of Uxbridge, Drs. Greene and Heywood, of Worcester, and Dr. Levi Wheaton, of Providence, and attending medical lectures at Boston and at Providence, he took his doctor's degree at Brown University in 1826, a year before the untimely end of the medical department.¹

Medical
education
and gradu-
ation.

Life in
Paris.

In June, 1826, Bartlett sailed for Europe, and the letters to his sisters, which, with other Bartlett papers, have been kindly sent me by his nephew, the Hon. Willard Bartlett, of the New York Court of Appeals, give a delightful account of his year as a student abroad. He remained in Paris until December; then, in company with his fellow-student, Dr. South-

¹ Parsons closes his *Historical Tract on the Brown University Medical School* with the sentence, "Whether this city, the second in New England, shall become the seat of such a school (that is, a revived department of medicine) must depend very much on the zeal, persistence and ability of its physicians." May I be permitted to remark, Mr. President, that the existing conditions are singularly favorable for a small first-class school. Here are college laboratories of physics, chemistry and biology, and here are well equipped hospitals, with some three hundred beds. What is lacking? Neither zeal, persistence nor ability on the part of the physicians, but a generous donation to the University of a million of dollars with which to equip and endow laboratories of anatomy, physiology, pathology and hygiene. These alone are lacking; the preliminary scientific school is here; the clinical school is at your doors; the money should be the least difficult thing to get in this plutocratic town. The day has come for small medical schools in university towns with good clinical facilities.

wick, he visited the chief cities of Italy, returning to Paris early in March. The month of May, 1827, was spent in London, and he sailed from Liverpool June 8th. Unfortunately the letters to his sisters contain very few references to his medical studies, but I have extracted a few memoranda from them.

Writing Aug. 24, 1826, he says: "The celebrated Laennec died at his country residence on the 13th of the present month. The publication in 1819 of a new method of ascertaining diseases of the chest forms an era in the history of medicine. M. Laennec fell a victim to one of those diseases the investigation of which by himself has enriched the field of science, contributed to the alleviation of human suffering, and giving his own name a high rank among the great and the good men of his age." He asked that this memorandum should appear in the Providence papers.

Writing September 4th, he speaks of attending every day at the Jardin des Plantes to hear the lectures of Cloquet and Cuvier.

One of the professors at the medical school, he says, looked more like a jolly stage driver or a good-natured, blustering butcher than anything else. "He lectures sometimes standing, and sometimes leaning against a post, or straddling over a high stool, flourishing a lancet in one hand and a snuff-box in the other, on the contents of which he is continually laying the most inordinate contributions. He wears during the time an old rusty looking black cap. The familiarity of the distinguished surgeons and physicians with their students struck me at first sight very forcibly, being in such perfect contrast to the proud port and haughty carriage of some of our New England professors. I wish they might step into the Hotel Dieu and La Charité and take a lesson or two of Boyer and Dupuytren, barons of the Empire, and two of the most distinguished surgeons in the world."

In the letter of October 10th, he says: "The public lectures opened this week, and we are continually engaged from half past six in the morning till bed time. Visits are made at all the hospitals by candle light, and a lecture delivered at most of them immediately after the visit."

He speaks of attending the lectures of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, who, he says, "lectures very badly; his gestures, though he is a Frenchman, are exceedingly awkward, and he has a

sing-song tone like that which one often hears in a Methodist or Quaker preacher."

Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, Bartlett probably acquired in Paris three principles: "Not to take authority when I can have facts; not to guess when I can know; not to think a man must take physic because he is sick."²

Strangely enough I find no reference in these Paris letters to the man of all others who influenced Bartlett most deeply. In Louis, even more than in Laennec, the young American students of that day found light and leading. The numerical method, based on a painstaking study of all the phenomena of disease in the wards and in the dead-house, appealed with peculiar force to their practical minds, and Louis's brilliant observations on phthisis and on fevers constituted, as Bartlett remarked, a new and great era in the history of medical science. I cannot find any definite statement of Bartlett's relations with Louis in 1826-27, at which period the latter was still working quietly at La Charité. His monograph on phthisis had been published in 1825, and had at once given him a reputation as one of the great lights of the French school. He was at this time very busy collecting material for his still more important work on typhoid fever, and it is scarcely possible that Bartlett could have frequented La Charité without meeting the grave, unobtrusive student, who, with note book in hand, literally lived in the wards and in the dead-house. Secluded from the world, living as a voluntary assistant to Chomel in this quiet haven of observation, apart from the turbid seas of speculation which surged outside, Louis for seven years pursued his remarkable career. Whether or not Bartlett came into personal contact with him at this time I do not know, but, however, this may be, subsequently the great French clinician became his model and his master, and to him he dedicated his first edition of the "Fevers," and his "Essay on the Philosophy of Medical Science."

For a young man of twenty-two, these letters — written off-hand — show an unusually good literary style, and many incidental references indicate that he had received a general education much above the average. The strong Christian spirit which he felt all through life is already manifest, as may be gleaned from one or two expressions in the letters.

² Morse's Life of Holmes, vol. i., p. 109.

Writing Sept. 4, 1826, to his sisters, he refers to the death of a dear friend and her little sister: "There is a cheering consolation in the reflection that 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' and that their spirits have gone in perfect and sinless purity to their home of bliss, and we may believe that they in their turn have become guardian angels to those who cherished and protected them here:

'They were their guardian angels here,
They guardian angels now to them.'"

In 1827, shortly after completing his twenty-third year, ^{In practice at Lowell.} Bartlett settled at Lowell, then a town of only 3,500 inhabitants, but growing rapidly, owing to the establishment of numerous mills. This was his home for nearly twenty years, and to it, and later to Woonsocket, he returned in the intervals between his college work in different sections of the country. As Dr. D. C. Patterson remarks, "He became at once the universal favorite, and began to take a deep interest in the physical welfare of the townsmen." In 1828 he delivered lectures before the Lowell Lyceum on contagious diseases, and he gave frequent popular lectures on sanitation and hygiene. In 1828 he was the orator on the Fourth of July. In 1836 he delivered a course of popular lectures on physiology.

Evidently Bartlett had the "grace of favor" in a remarkable degree. Bishop Clark pictures him in those days in the following words: "Some twenty-five years ago, I used to meet a young man in the town of Lowell, whose presence carried sunshine wherever he went; whose tenderness and skill relieved the darkness of many a chamber of sickness, and whom all the community were fast learning to love and honor. Life lay before him, full of promise; the delicate temper of his soul fitting him to the most exquisite enjoyment of all the pure delights of nature, and his cheerful temperament giving a genial and generous glow to the refined circles of which he was one of the chiefest ornaments."

When only thirty-two, before he had been in Lowell ten years, he was elected by a respectable majority as the first mayor of the city, and he was re-elected the following year. A letter from the Hon. Caleb Cushing, dated April 20, 1841, gives us an idea of the estimate which a clear headed layman

placed upon him. "Dr. Bartlett enjoys in the city of Lowell the unqualified respect of that community, and its affectionate esteem, — respect and esteem due alike to his public relations to that city, as formerly its popular and useful chief magistrate, and at all times one of its most patriotic and valued citizens; to his unblemished integrity of character and amenity of deportment; to his eminence in his profession; to the endearments of private friendship; and in general to his talents, accomplishments, manners and principles."

Defence
of the
"mill-
girls."

To two interesting episodes in his life at Lowell I may refer at greater length. The rapid growth of the industries in Lowell had brought in from the surrounding country a very large number of young girls as operatives in the mills, and their physical and moral condition had been seriously impugned by writers in certain leading Boston papers. These charges were investigated in a most thorough way by Bartlett, who published in the *Lowell Courier* in 1839, and re-published in pamphlet form (1841) his well-known "Vindication of the Character and Condition of the Females Employed in the Lowell Mills." This very strong paper, based on careful personal investigations, really proved to be what the title indicated. It did not, however, escape adverse criticism, and among the Bartlett papers there is a review of the "Vindication" by a citizen of Lowell in 1842, which presents the other side of a picture, by no means a pleasant one, of the prolonged hours of the operatives and their wretched life in boarding-houses.

Visit of
Dickens.

One of the most interesting incidents of his life at this period was the reception to Dickens, whose visit to Lowell occurred during Dr. Bartlett's mayoralty. In the "American Notes" Dickens speaks of the girls as "healthy in appearance, many of them remarkably so, and had the manners and deportment of young women, not of degraded brutes of burden." Oliver Wendell Holmes says, referring to this occasion: "I have been told a distinguished foreign visitor (Charles Dickens), who went through the whole length and breadth of the land, said that of all the many welcomes he received from statesmen renowned as orators, from men whose profession is eloquence, not one was so impressive and felicitous as that which was spoken by Dr. Bartlett, then mayor of Lowell, our brother in the silent profession, which he graced with these unwonted accomplishments."

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In 1840 he was elected to the Legislature of the State of Massachusetts and served two terms. In 1845 he was nominated by the Governor a member of the Board of Education of the State in the place of Jared Sparks. Holmes, who was familiar with Bartlett in this period of his career, has left on record the following charming description: "It is easy to recall his ever-welcome and gracious presence. On his expanded forehead no one could fail to trace the impress of a large and calm intelligence. In his most open and beaming smile none could help feeling the warmth of a heart which was the seat of all generous and kindly affections. When he spoke his tones were of singular softness, his thoughts came in chosen words, scholarlike, yet unpretending, often playful, always full of lively expressions, giving the idea of one that could be dangerously keen in his judgments, had he not kept his fastidiousness to himself, and his charity to sheathe the weakness of others. In familiar intercourse — and the writer of these paragraphs was once under the same roof with him for some months — no one could be more companionable and winning in all his ways. The little trials of life he took kindly and cheerily, turning into pleasantry the petty inconveniences which a less thoroughly good-natured man would have fretted over."

Oliver
Wendell
Holmes'
descrip-
tion of
Bartlett.

II.

For many years there was in this country a group of peripatetic teachers who like the Sophists of Greece, went from town to town, staying a year or two in each, or they divided their time between a winter session in a large city school and a summer term in a small country one. Among them Daniel Drake takes the precedence, as he made eleven moves in the course of his stirring and eventful life. Bartlett comes an easy second, having taught in nine schools. Dunglison, T. R. Beck, Ward Parker, Alonzo Clark, the elder Gross, Austin Flint, Frank H. Hamilton, and many others whom I could name, belonged to this group of wandering professors. The medical education of the day was almost exclusively theoretical; the teachers lectured for a short four months' session, there was a little dissection, a few major operations were witnessed, the fees were paid, examinations were held — and all was over. No wonder, under such con-

TEACHER.

ditions, that many of the most flourishing schools were found amid sylvan groves in small country towns. In New England there were five such schools, and in the State of New York the well-known schools at Fairfield and at Geneva. As there was not enough practice in the small places to go round, the teachers for the most part stayed only for the session, at the end of which it was not unusual for the major part of the faculty, with the students to migrate to another institution, where the lectures were repeated and the class graduated. T. R. Beck's introductory lecture, in 1824, at Fairfield, "On the Utility of Country Medical Institutions," pictures in glowing terms their advantages. One sentence brought to my mind the picture of a fine old doctor, on the Niagara peninsula, a graduate of Fairfield, who possibly may have listened to this very address. Dr. Beck asks: "What is the clinical instruction of the country student? It is this—after attending a course of lectures on the several branches of medicine and becoming acquainted with their general bearing, he during the summer repairs to the office of a practitioner; attends him in his visits to his patients; views the diseases peculiar to the different districts; observes the treatment that situation or habits of life indicate and from day to day verifies the lessons he has received. Here, then, is a direct preparation for the life he intends to pursue." And I may say that it was just this training that made of my old friend one of the best general practitioners it has ever been my pleasure to know.

In the letters we can follow Bartlett's wanderings during the next twenty years, from the time of his appointment to one of the smallest of the schools to his final position as one of the chief ornaments of the leading school of New York. In 1832 he held his first teaching position, that of professor of pathological anatomy and of *materia medica* in the Berkshire Medical Institute, at Pittsfield. The following is an extract from a letter to Dr. John Orne Green, dated Pittsfield, November 25, 1833: "The character of the class is said to be superior even to that of last year. We have a large number of excellent students. Parker is as popular as ever, and Professor Childs has the credit of having improved very much in his manner of teaching. The members of the class are attentive to their studies, eager for knowledge, and regular in their attendance on the lectures. I have lectures,

At
Pittsfield.

most of the time, twice a day, at 10 A. M. and at 2 P. M. I shall finish my course on *materia medica* by the middle of this week, and the remainder of my time will be occupied with lectures of medical jurisprudence and pathological anatomy. The commencement will be on Wednesday of week after next."

He held the chair at Pittsfield for eight sessions. Among his colleagues were Childs, Dewey and Willard Parker, who was a very special friend. In a letter of October 2, 1836, he says: "Parker, with his sunny face and his hearty welcome, was in a few minutes after my arrival. It does one good to meet such men."

In 1839 he was appointed to the chair of practice in Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., the school founded by Nathan Smith in 1798. In a letter to his friend, Green, dated September 8th, he gives brief sketches of some of his colleagues, among them a delightful account of Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of thirty. "Dr. Holmes you know something of. As a teacher there is no doubt of his success, although he will not show himself during this his first course. He has his anatomy — some of it at least — to study as he goes on, and he has not yet got the whole hang of the lecture-room — he does not give himself his whole swing. His attainments in medical science are extensive and accurate, and his intellectual endowments are extraordinary. His mind is quick as lightning and sharp as a razor. His conversational powers are absolutely wonderful. His most striking mental peculiarities consist in a power of comprehensive and philosophical generalization on all subjects, and in a fecundity of illustration that is inexhaustible. His talk at table is all spontaneous, unpremeditated, and he pours himself forth — words and thoughts — in a perfect torrent. His wit and humor are quite lost in the prodigal exuberance of his thoughts and language." In this same letter is the following characteristic memorandum, illustrating his desire to see the school-houses beautified and adorned. "One word about the High School House. Pray, don't forget in the planning of the rooms my plan for some embellishments. Even if we should get some busts I do not know that niches would be any better than suitable stands or shelves. I hope we shall raise, by a fair, from five hundred to one thousand dollars for pictures, etc., for ornaments to the two principal

At Dartmouth

Bartlett on
Oliver
Wendell
Holmes

rooms." It is quite possible that Bartlett lectured both at Woodstock and at Pittsfield, as the terms were purposely arranged so as not to clash, and in the catalogue of the Vermont Medical College, 1844, there is an advertisement of the Berkshire school. The names of Bartlett and Holmes occur only in the 1839-40 and 1840-41 announcements.

At Lexington.

In 1841 he accepted the chair of the theory and practice of medicine in the Transylvania University, Lexington, at that time the strongest and best equipped school in the West.³ On his way to Lexington he visited New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and in a letter to Green, of September 7, 1841, he gives an interesting account of the men he met in these cities. One item is of interest to Baltimoreans: "Day before yesterday I spent with Dr. Nathan R. Smith, at Baltimore on my return from Washington. I found him very attentive and hospitable. He took me into his gig and went to see some of his patients. He has a pretty large surgical practice, and is, I should think, a man of excellent sound sense, industrious and devoted to his profession—not so great a man as his father, but a very capital good fellow. He speaks well of Lexington and the school—says it is the best appointed school in the country."

In his letters there are interesting descriptions of his life in Lexington, some of which are worth quoting: "In the school we are getting on very well. The class is of a good size, rather larger than last year, worth a little over \$2,000, intelligent, attentive, well behaved. I have given fifty-eight lectures, and we have just six weeks more. My own success has been good enough, I think. So far as I have means of judging, my instruction is entirely satisfactory, to say the least. My colleagues—Dudley, you know, is the great man here. He has many peculiarities. He is very much pleased with me. He teaches singular doctrines, and follows, in many things, a practice very peculiar to himself. The other day he tied the common carotid before the class in an anastomosing aneurism in the orbit; patient from St. Louis. Day before yesterday he cut for the stone; patient a lad from Mississippi. He has two more cases of stone here for operation. He is exceedingly cautious; sends many patients, of all sorts, away without operation. Uses the bandage for

³ History of the Medical Department of Transylvania University and its Faculty, by Dr. William J. Calvert, Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin, August, September, 1899.

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everything almost in surgery — tart. ant. and starvation, or low diet, in most diseases. He had a pretty large property, 'a garden' as he calls it, of 150 acres or so, a mile from the city. Richardson, in obstetrics, boards with me, a plain common-sense man, who fought a duel in early life with Dudley; has made a pretty large fortune here in practice, and now lives in the country eight miles or so from here, on a farm of 500 acres. The style of lecturing here is quite different from what it is in the East — more emphatic, more vehement. It is quite necessary to fall somewhat into the popular style. We stand, in the lecture room, on an open platform with only a little movable desk or table, on which to lay our notes. On the whole I like it better than being seated in a desk, as they are in Boston." (December 21, 1841.)

In March, 1843, he writes to Green that his receipts for the session have been more than \$2,000. "There are a few good families who send for me, and I get occasionally a consultation. We never make a charge less than a dollar; and consultation visits in ordinary cases — the first visit — are \$5.00. These few enable me situated as I am, to make even a small and easy business somewhat profitable. I have made one visit twenty-five miles distant, for which the fee was \$25; and I saw a second patient, at the same time, incidentally, for \$5.00 more. You see from all this, that my place gives me rather more money than I could earn in Lowell, for a much smaller amount of responsibility and labor. I have hardly, indeed, been called out of bed during the winter. In a business point of view I feel quite content with my situation."

From an interesting account of a consultation in the country we can gather how the planters of those days did their own doctoring: "Col. Anderson belongs to a class of men, pretty large, I think, in this State,—rather rough, with a limited school education, but intelligent, shrewd, clear-headed, and enterprising. He has a farm, entirely away from any travelled road, of 500 acres; but his principal business is that of bagging and soap manufacturing, his farm serving only to feed his family. This consists of about one hundred, eighty or more of which are his negroes. He has no physician, whom he is willing to trust, nearer than Lexington; and in nearly all common acute diseases treats the pa-

tient himself. His daughter, Mrs. Breck, was seized with acute pleurisy, soon after miscarriage, and her father had bled her twice, pretty freely, and given calomel and antimony, before any physician had seen her. He had followed the same course a year ago in the case of his wife." (February 18, 1844.)

In the same letter he says: "Typhoid fever has been very widely prevalent in many parts of Kentucky for the past year. There were, it is said, 200 deaths in an adjacent county last summer and fall. It is evidently the common fever of this country, with all the features so familiar to us at the East."

At
Baltimore.

In the autumn of 1844 he accepted the chair of the theory and practice of medicine at the University of Maryland. Among the letters I find but one from Baltimore, and that is to Oliver Wendell Holmes about a review of his book, "The Philosophy of Medical Science," which had appeared that year.

At
Woodstock
Vt.

In 1844 he accepted the chair of *materia medica* and *obstetrics* in the Vermont Medical College, the session of which began in March and continued for thirteen weeks. Among his colleagues were Alonzo Clark, Palmer and Edward M. Moore, and later John C. Dalton. Bartlett's name occurs in the catalogues of the school until 1854, the year before his death.

Second
visit to
Europe.

In May, 1845, he and Mrs. Bartlett sailed for Europe. In a letter to Green, July 12th, there is an interesting reference to Louis and James Jackson, Jr.: "I have seen a good deal of Louis, who has been very civil and attentive. I dined with him soon after my arrival, and met there, amongst others, Leuset and Grisolle, two of his most intimate medical friends. I never see him that he does not speak of young Jackson — *ce pauvre Jackson*, as he calls him. He told me, with a great deal of feeling, that Jackson, the last night that he spent in Paris, wrote him a letter from his hotel, which was moistened with his tears, and that he thought Jackson was almost as much attached to him as to his father." In another letter he speaks, too, of his very cordial reception by Louis.

They spent the winter on the Continent, traveling about, chiefly in Italy, and in the spring went to London. In a letter dated June 17, 1846, there is an interesting sketch of a magnetic séance at the house of Professor Elliotson,

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of University College, who subsequently came to such a grief over hypnotism. "And then he ran full tilt off upon his hobby, 'animal magnetism,' calling it one of the most sacred and holy of all subjects, one of the greatest truths, and so on. Dr. Forbes, the editor, he spoke of as 'a wretch,' all because the doctor has shown up some of Elliotson's magnetic operations. Dr. E. afterwards invited me to see some magnetic phenomena at his house. I went about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and found his spacious and elegant drawing-room quite filled with well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, assembled for the same purpose. The doctor had two subjects, one a young, delicate looking girl, and the other a damsel of a certain age, upon whom he performed the standard and stereotyped experiments — putting them into the magnetic sleep, stiffening their limbs, leading them round the room with a common magnet, exciting their phrenological organs, and so on. I can only say that I was not specially delighted with Elliotson's manner, and that if I was to choose a man by whom I should swear, without using my own eyes, certainly it would not be him."

In the same letter he speaks of having seen a great deal of Forbes, editor of the *Medico-Chiurgical Review*; of Marshall Hall, of Walshe, "a young man and a good fellow;" of Sir Henry Holland, and of that interesting American physician, who lived so long in England, Dr. Boot, and of Dr. Southwood Smith at the Fever Hospital.

On his return from Europe we find him during the session of 1846-47 in his old chair at Lexington, whence he writes on March 18, 1847, to his friend Green, from which a paragraph relating to the second edition of his book on "Fevers" may be quoted: "I have been drudging away all winter at my second edition. I do not feel any great interest in it, though I hope and intend to make a good book of it. The first edition, for a monograph, has sold very well, mostly at the South and West; so well at least that Lea & Blanchard propose publishing the second edition and paying also something for the right to do so."

At Lexington again.

The sessions of 1847-48-49 were spent at the Transylvania University. In the spring of 1848 there is a letter from Pliny Earle, dated April 16th, saying that he had received a catalogue of the Medical Department of Transylvania University, from which he had received his first inti-

mation of Bartlett's resignation of the professorship. He asks Bartlett's advice as to the propriety of applying for the position.

At
Louisville.

On March 13, 1849, he received the appointment as professor of the theory and practice of medicine in the University of Louisville. At this time, in a letter from Dr. J. Cobb, we have the first intimation in the letters of ill health, as there is the sentence: "Accept my best wishes for your complete restoration to health." The University of Louisville had drawn heavily upon the classes of the other Western schools, chiefly at the expense of Lexington, and the Faculty when Bartlett joined it was very strong, comprising such well-known men as the elder Gross, the elder Yandell, Rogers, Benjamin Silliman, Jr., and Palmer.

At the
University
of
New York.

The condition of medical polities at that time in the town of Louisville was not satisfactory, and a new school had been started in opposition to the University, and among the Bartlett letters are a number from the elder Yandell which show a state of very high tension. Bartlett spent but one session in Louisville. He and Gross accepted chairs in the University of New York. The appointment of the former to the chair of the institutes and practice of medicine is dated Sept. 19, 1850. From some remarks in a letter from Yandell it is evident that Bartlett did not find the position in New York very congenial. Gross found his still less so, and returned to Louisville the following year. J. W. Draper, the strong man of the University School, had secured Bartlett and in a letter dated Aug. 12, 1850, he promised him a salary of at least \$3,500. The same letter shows how thoroughly private were the medical schools of that day: "It perhaps may be proper to repeat what is the condition of the real estate. The college building is owned equally by the six professors. Its estimated value when Dr. Dickson left us in the spring was \$78,600, and there is a mortgage upon it of \$48,000, bearing interest of six per cent. Excluding this mortgage the share of each professor is therefore \$5,000, and a mutual covenant exists among us that on the retirement or decease of one of the Faculty his investment shall be restored to him or his heirs—the new-comer starting in all respects in the position he occupied."

During these years Bartlett seems to have been very busy at work at the microscope, and there is a letter from Alonzo

Clark, dated June 15, 1848, descriptive of a fine new Oberhauser (the Zeiss of that day), and in 1851 there is an interesting letter from Jeffries Wyman, giving a list of the most important works on invertebrate zoölogy.

Among his colleagues in the University were Draper, Martyn Paine and Granville Sharp Pattison. Things do not seem to have worked very smoothly. In the spring of 1851 overtures were made to him from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York, in which Faculty were his warm friends, Alonzo Clark and Willard Parker, and he was elected to the chair of *materia medica* and medical jurisprudence in the following year, 1852. Here he lectured during the next two sessions until compelled by ill health to retire.

I may fittingly conclude this section of my address with a sentence from a sketch of Bartlett's life by his friend Elisha Huntington: "Never was the professor's chair more gracefully filled than by Dr. Bartlett. His urbane and courteous manners, his native and simple eloquence, his remarkable power of illustration, the singular beauty and sweetness of his style, all combined to render him one of the most popular and attractive of lecturers. The driest and most barren subject, under his touch, became instinct with life and interest, and the path, in which the traveler looked to meet with briars and weeds only, he was surprised and delighted to find strewn with flowers, beautiful and fragrant. There was a magic about the man you could not withstand; a fascination you could not resist."

At the
College of
Physicians
and
Surgeons,
New York

III.

Bartlett began his career as a medical writer with the *Monthly Journal of Medical Literature and American Medical Students' Gazette*, only three numbers of which were issued. He says in the introductory address, dated Oct. 15, 1831, that there are plenty of practical journals of high character and extensive circulation, but he wishes to see one devoted to "medical history, medical literature, accounts of medical institutions and hospitals, medical biography, including sketches of the character, lives and writings of the chief masters of our art, and of all such as have in any way influenced its destinies and left the deep traces of their labors on its history. . . . To the medical student and the young prac-

AUTHOR.
The
Monthly
Journal.

titioner, to all those who aspire to any higher acquisitions than the knowledge that calomel purges and salivates, and that tartarized antimony occasions vomiting, who are not willing to rest supinely satisfied in a routine familiarity with doses and symptoms — a familiarity which practice and habit render in the end almost mechanical — we cannot but think these matters must be interesting." And he adds: "The devotion of an occasional hour to such pursuits must have a tendency to enlarge and liberalize the mind. It will help to keep alive and stimulate in the young medical scholar the sometimes flagging energies of study. By calling his attention and directing his desires to high standards of acquisition and excellence, it will urge him on towards their attainment. Delightful and fascinating, in many respects, as the study of his profession may be to him, there are many hours which must be occupied with mental and bodily drudgery. He must make what to others would be loathsomeness pleasure to himself. Amid the wear and tear, the toil and fatigue of such pursuits, he needs at times some intellectual recreation and stimulus, and where can he find one pleasanter or more appropriate than in surveying the career, and studying the characters of those who have trodden before him the same laborious path, and who have followed it on to its high and bright consummation? If our profession ever vindicates its legitimate claim to the appellation of liberal, it must be cultivated with some other than the single aim of obtaining patients for the sole purpose of getting for services rendered an equivalent in fees."

In the first number there is a statement that on a future occasion the *Journal* will give a "detailed consideration of the character of the old physician of Cos — the venerable father of physic, and of the reform which he effected in medical science," a promise which was not fulfilled to the profession for many years, as Bartlett's well-known lecture on Hippocrates, the last, indeed, of his professional writings, was not issued until 1852. The literature of science, its philosophy, its history, the history of the lives and labors of the founders and cultivators — these he believed it important for the student to cultivate.

Among the articles in these three numbers there are some of special merit. One signed S. N., *On the Claims of Medicine to the Character of Certainty*, may have suggested to

Bartlett in his well-known essay, "On the Degree of Certainty in Medicine." The enterprise was not a success, and as Bartlett had said in his introductory address, "of all *weakly* things we most heartily pity weakly periodicals," he had the good sense after three numbers had been issued to give up a publication which the profession did not sustain.

In July, 1832, he became associated with A. L. Pierson and J. B. Flint in a much more pretentious and important journal, the *Medical Magazine*, a monthly publication which continued for three years. It was a very well conducted periodical, with excellent original articles and strongly written editorials. John D. Fisher's original paper on *The Cephalic Brain Murmur* occurs in Volume II., and in the same one is an excellent paper by E. Hale, Jr., on *The Typhoid Fever of this Climate*, which is of special interest as containing very accurate statements of the differences between the common New England autumnal fever and the typhus as described by Armstrong and Smith. There are also reports of three autopsies giving an account of ulceration in the small intestine, among the first to be published in this country. There are in addition numerous well-written critical reviews. Among the latter is one of the most virulent productions of that most virulent of men, Dr. Charles Caldwell. It is entitled "Medical Language of Literature." I have heard it said in Philadelphia that Dr. Samuel Jackson never forgave the bitterness of the attack in it upon his "Principles of Medicine."

In Volume III. there was the interesting announcement that a dollar a page would be paid for all original communications.

In 1831 appeared a little work entitled, "Sketches of the Character and Writings of Eminent Living Surgeons and Physicians of Paris," translated from the French of J. L. H. Peisse. Of the nine lives, those of Dupuytren and Broussais are still of interest to us, and there is no work in English from which one can get a better insight into the history of medicine in Paris in the early part of this century. One little sentence in the translator's preface is worth quoting: "After making all reasonable allowance for natural tact or talent, and for the facilities and advantages of instruction to be had in extensive medical establishments, it will be found that *study*, intense, untiring, unremitting *study*, is the only foundation of professional worth and distinction."

The
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Lives of
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A great stimulus had been given to the study of phrenology by the visit of Spurzheim to this country. He gave a course of six lectures on the anatomy of the brain and spinal cord at one of the apartments of the Medical College in September of that year, and subsequently a popular course of lectures on phrenology. In 1832 he died in Boston of typhus fever. His brain, it is stated, was in the possession of the Boston Phrenological Society, before which, in January, 1838, Bartlett gave an interesting address on scientific phrenology.

Phren-
ology.

Edits
Paley's
Natural
Theology.

"Bartlett
on Fevers."

In 1839 Bartlett edited "Paley's Natural Theology," that delightful book, dear especially to those of us who were trained in religious colleges. To some of us at least the freshness of the natural theology, which in Paley's hands was really a delightful commentary on anatomy and physiology, was a happy change from artificial theology, or even from the "Horae Paulinae" of the same author.

Bartlett's claim to remembrance, so far as his medical writings are concerned, rests mainly on his work on "Fevers" issued in 1842, and subsequent editions in the years 1847, 1852 and 1857. It remains one of the most notable of contributions of American physicians to the subject. Between the time of Bartlett's visit to Paris and 1840, a group of students had studied under Louis, and had returned to this country thoroughly familiar with typhoid fever, the prevalent form in the French capital at that time. In another place⁴ I have told in detail how largely through their labors the profession learned to recognize the essential differences between the two prevalent forms of fever, typhoid and typhus. The writings on fever chiefly accessible to the American reader of that day were the English works of Fordyce, Armstrong, Southwood Smith, and Tweedie, in which, as Bartlett says, "they describe a fever or form of fever (that is typhus) rarely met with in this country," and the writings did not actually represent the state of our knowledge upon the subject. Indeed, for a number of years later a chaotic condition of mind prevailed among the writers in Great Britain, and it was not until 1849-50 that William Jenner, by a fresh series of accurate observations, brought the British medical opinion into line. As the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Re-*

Influence of Louis on American Medicine, Johns Hopkins Hospital Bulletin, August, September, 1897.

view, in a most complimentary notice of Bartlett's work, says, "A history of British fevers such as Louis has furnished to France, or such as given in the volume under discussion, did not exist." Still, even at that date, 1844, the *Review* expressed the ultra-conservative opinion held in England, that the common continued fever, or the low nervous fever of Huxham, was only a mild form of typhus fever. The work is dedicated to his friends, James Jackson, of Boston, and W. W. Gerhard, of Philadelphia; as he states, "a history of two diseases, many points of which they, especially among his own countrymen, have diligently and successfully studied and illustrated."

As to the work itself, the interest to-day rests chiefly with the remarkably accurate picture which is given of typhoid fever—a picture the main outlines of which are as well and firmly drawn as in any work which has appeared since. It is written with great clearness, in logical order, and he shows on every page an accurate acquaintance with the literature of the day, and, as the author of the review already mentioned remarks, a knowledge also of that best of books, the book of nature.

The practical character of Bartlett's mind is indicated by the brevity with which he discusses the favorite topic of the day, namely, the theory of fever. He acknowledged at the outset that the materials for any satisfactory theory of typhoid fever did not exist. He went so far as to claim that the fundamental primary alteration was in the blood, and that the local lesion was really secondary, and he refers to the prevalent theory of fever as "wholly a creation of fancy; the offspring of a false generalization and of a spurious philosophy. What then can its theory be but the shadow of a shade?" This work immediately placed Bartlett in the front rank of American physicians of the day. It had a powerful influence on the profession of the country. Among his letters there is an interesting and characteristic one from James Jackson, already referred to in the dedication. Acknowledging the receipt of a copy, he says: "I am now writing to express to you the great satisfaction the book has given me. I think that it entirely answers the end that you proposed. It, in fact, translates to the common reader, in a most clear style and lucid method, the acquisitions which science has made on its subjects within the last few years. Nowhere

else can the same comprehensive view of those subjects be found. What may be the conclusions of medical men in regard to essential fevers twenty years hence I would not pretend to say. It is certain their views have changed very much within a shorter period, and if new discoveries are made in ten years to come I doubt not you will be ready to change yours. We must take to-day the truth so far as we know it, and add to it day by day as we learn more."

It is evident from his letters that the success of the work on fevers was a great gratification to Dr. Bartlett. The second edition was issued in 1847, and while the history of typhoid and typhus fever remained much in the same state, with certain additions and developments, the subject of periodical and yellow fevers were greatly extended. The third edition was issued in 1852. The fourth edition was edited by Bartlett's friend, Alonzo Clark, of New York. The dedication of the second, third and fourth editions was to Dr. John Orne Green, of Lowell, "with whom the early and active part of the writer's life was passed; in a personal friendship which no cloud, for a single moment, ever shadowed or chilled; and in a professional intercourse whose delightful harmony no selfish interest nor personal jealousy ever disturbed."

From every standpoint "Bartlett on Fevers" may be regarded as one of the most successful medical works issued from the medical press and it richly deserves the comment of the distinguished editor of the fourth edition: "The question may be fairly raised whether any book in our profession illustrates more clearly the beauties of sound reasoning and the advantages of vigorous generalization from carefully selected facts. Certainly no author ever brought to his labor a more high-minded purpose of representing the truth in its simplicity and in its fulness, while few have been possessed of higher gifts to discern, and gracefully to exhibit it."

The Philosophy of Medicine.

"An Essay on the Philosophy of Medicine," 1844, a classic in American medical literature, is the most characteristic of Bartlett's works, and the one to which in the future students will turn most often, since it represents one of the most successful attempts to apply the principles of deductive reasoning to medicine, and it moreover illustrates the mental attitude of an acute and thoughtful observer in the middle of

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the century. The work consists of two parts: in the first science is defined and its canons laid down. Ascertained facts, with their relations to others, obtained by observation or experience, and generalized into laws and principles — this constitutes science. He dwells upon the hurtfulness of theories, and sketches in an interesting manner Newton's position as an observer and as a theorist: "If he (Newton) bowed at any time or in any degree his strong neck to the yoke of hypothesis, it was always with a perfect consciousness of his ability at will to shake it off, as the lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane." He quotes from Sir Humphrey Davey: "When I consider the variety of theories that may be formed on the slender foundation of one or two facts, I am convinced that it is the business of the true philosopher to avoid them altogether."

The five primary propositions with which the second part opens contain the pith of the argument:

Proposition First. — All medical science consists in ascertaining facts, or phenomena, or events; with their relations to other facts, or phenomena, or events; the whole classified and arranged.

Proposition Second. — Each separate class of facts, phenomena, and events, with their relationships, constituting, as far as they go, medical science, can be ascertained in only one way; and that is by observation, or experience. They cannot be deduced, or inferred, from any other class of facts, phenomena, events, or relationships, by any process of induction, or reasoning, independent of observation.

Proposition Third. — An absolute law, or principle, of medical science consists in an absolute and rigorous generalization of some of the facts, phenomena, events, or relationships, by the sum of which the science is constituted. The actual ascertainable laws, or principles, of medical science are, for the most part, not absolute but approximative.

Proposition Fourth. — Medical doctrines, as they are called, are, in most instances, hypothetical explanations, or interpretations, merely, of the ascertained phenomena, and their relationships, of medical science. These explanations consist of certain other assumed and unascertained phenomena and relationships. They do not constitute a legitimate element of medical science. All medical science is absolutely independent of these explanations.

Proposition Fifth.—Diseases, like all other objects of natural history, are susceptible of classification and arrangement. This classification and arrangement will be natural and perfect just in proportion to the number, the importance, and the degree of the similarities and the dissimilarities between the diseases themselves.

Bartlett is the strongest American interpreter of the modern French school of medical observation, which “is characterized by its strict adherence to the study and analysis of morbid phenomena and their relationships; by the accuracy, the positiveness, and the minute detail which it has carried into this study and analysis; and by its rejection as an essential or legitimate element of science of all *a priori* reasoning or speculation. The spirit which animates and guides and moves it is expressed in the saying of Rousseau, ‘that all science is in the facts or phenomena of nature and their relationships, and not in the mind of man, which discovers and interprets them.’ It is the true *protestant* school of medicine. It either rejects as apocryphal, or holds as of no binding authority, all the traditions of the fathers, unless they are sustained and sanctioned by its own experience.”

There are weak points in his arguments, some of which are well pointed out in an able article in the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* (July, 1845), but it is the work of a strong and thoughtful mind, and for a time, at least, it had a powerful influence in the profession. A contemporary writer, Samuel Henry Dickson,⁵ speaks of it in the following terms: “It was particularly well-timed, and addressed effectively to the requirements of the profession, at the period of its publication. It breathes a spirit of thoughtful and considerate skepticism, which was then needed to temper the headlong habit of confident polypharmacy prevalent over our country.

. . . When addressed, however, by Bartlett, on this side of the Atlantic, and on the other by Forbes, he (the orthodox disciple) stopped to listen and consider. These gifted men spoke with authority; they pleaded impressively, eloquently, wisely. If, in the natural ardor of controversy, they went somewhat too far, let that slight fault be forgiven for the great good they accomplished. Nay, let them be honored for the courage and frankness with which they attacked prevalent error, and risked their popularity and position by

⁵ Gross: *American Medical Biography*, 1861, p. 750.

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assailing modes of practice rendered familiar by custom, and everywhere adopted and trusted to."

In 1848 appeared one of Bartlett's most characteristic works, a little volume of eighty-four pages, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Degree of Certainty of Medicine, and into the Nature and Extent of its Power over Disease." The iconoclastic studies of Louis and certain of the Paris physicians, and the advocacy of expectancy by the leaders of the Vienna school, had between 1830 and 1850 disturbed the profession not a little, and in 1846 appeared an article by Dr. Forbes, in which, as Bartlett said, were drawn "in strong and exaggerated colors the manifold imperfections of medical science and the discouraging uncertainties of medical art." These circumstances had combined to shake and disturb the general confidence in the profession, with the effect that "the hold which medicine has so long had upon the popular mind is loosened; there is a widespread skepticism as to its power of curing diseases, and men are everywhere to be found who deny its pretensions as a science, and reject the benefits and blessings which it proffers them as an art." To Bartlett it appeared high time to speak a clear and earnest word for the science which we study and teach, and for the art which we inculcate and practise, and in this essay he set himself the task of vindicating the claims of medicine to the regard and confidence of mankind. In his endeavor "to show how far and with what measure of certainty and of constancy we are able to control, to mitigate and to remove disease" Bartlett occupied at the outset very advanced ground for that date. We must remember that the general body of the profession had the most implicit confidence in drugs, and polypharmacy was almost as much in vogue as in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The reception of the essay in certain quarters indicates how shocking its tone appeared to some of the staid old conservatives of the day. I came across a review of it in the *Medical Examiner*, November, 1848, from which I give the following extract: "This is a curious production, the like of which we have seldom seen from the pen of any one who had passed the age of a sophomore. What makes it the more remarkable is the circumstance that the writer is a gentleman of education and experience and the author of works which have given him a wide reputation." The force of the rebound sufficiently indicates the intensity with which

The
Degree of
Certainty
of
Medicine.

the attack was felt. Bartlett's position, however, reminds one somewhat of the sermon of the liberal Scotch Presbyterian on "things which cannot be shaken," in which he proceeded at the outset to shake off three-fourths of the cherished beliefs of Evangelical Christianity.

After a preliminary discussion on anatomy and physiology, and on the remarkable rapidity with which these sciences were progressing, he proceeds to speak of the state of pathology and therapeutics as illustrated in the well-known disease pneumonia. Time will not permit me to do more than to refer to the result of his analysis of the evidence. He classifies the cases into, first, those which terminate naturally and spontaneously, quite independent of any active medical treatment, a proportion "probably large"; second, a group which will terminate fatally notwithstanding any assistance which art may furnish; they are, as Sir Gilbert Blane said of the worst forms of yellow fever, "determinedly fatal"; and, finally, a third class "not tending necessarily either in one direction or the other," in which the issue depends upon the treatment of the disease. "In these cases, art, judiciously applied, saves the life of the patient; the issue of the cases, in death or in recovery, is dependent upon the treatment of the disease." Then follows a discussion on the nature and limits of the medical art in the various groups of diseases, and he concludes with a section on the triumphs of preventive medicine.

The initials "A. S." at the end of a review in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences*, October, 1848, enable us to estimate the impression which the book made upon a kindred spirit. Professor Alfred Stillé, of the University of Pennsylvania (still with us, I am happy to say), wrote, "He has done a good work, a work for which he deserves the respect and gratitude of the medical profession, and of all sound-hearted men, whatever their pursuits, who fight under the banner of truth, and are the sworn foes of all imposture, the determined opponents of all error."

At times, and in degrees differing with our temperaments, there come upon us bouts of depression, when we feel that the battle has been lost, and that to fight longer is not worth the effort, periods when, amid the weariness, the fever and the fret of daily practice, things have gone against us; we have been misunderstood by patients, our motives have been

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wrongly interpreted, and smitten perhaps in the house of our friends, the worries of heart to which we doctors are so subject makes us feel bitterly the uncertainties of medicine as a profession, and at times make us despair of its future. In a voice that one may trust Bartlett concludes his inquiry with these memorable words, which I quote, in the hope that they may soothe the heartache of any pessimistic brother: " There is no process which can reckon up the amount of good which the science and art of medicine have conferred upon the human race ; there is no moral calculus that can grasp and comprehend the sum of their beneficent operations. Ever since the first dawn of civilization and learning, through

' the dark backward, and abysm of time,'

they have been the true and constant friends of the suffering sons and daughters of men. Through their ministers and disciples, they have cheered the desponding ; they have lightened the load of human sorrow ; they have dispelled or diminished the gloom of the sick-chamber ; they have plucked from the pillow of pain its thorns, and made the hard couch soft with the poppies of delicious rest ; they have let in the light of joy upon dark and desolate dwellings ; they have rekindled the lamp of hope in the bosom of despair ; they have called back the radiance of the lustreless eye and the bloom of the fading cheek ; they have sent new vigor through the failing limbs ; and, finally, when exhausted in all their other resources, and baffled in their skill — handmaids of philosophy and religion — they have blunted the arrows of death, and rendered less rugged and precipitous the inevitable pathway to the tomb. In the circle of human duties, I do not know of any, short of heroic and perilous daring, or religious martyrdom and self-sacrifice, higher and nobler, than those of the physician. His daily round of labor is crowded with beneficence, and his nightly sleep is broken, that others may have better rest. His whole life is a blessed ministry of consolation and hope."

The last of Bartlett's strictly medical publications was a little monograph on the "History, Diagnosis and Treatment of Edematous Laryngitis," published in Louisville at the time he held the chair of practice at the University, in 1850. It is a carefully prepared monograph, based largely on the

A noble
tribute
to our
profession.

Edematous
Laryngitis.

studies of Valleix, and to which a fresh interest had been given him by the observations of Dr. Gurdon Buck, of New York, who had cured several cases by directly searifying the edematous membranes.

IV.

ORATOR
AND POET.

Naturally studious, fond of poetry, history, biography and literature in general, and not for long tied and bound in the chains of general practice, Bartlett had ample opportunities to cultivate his mind. He says in one of his letters to Green (dated Pittsfield, Nov. 1, 1835): "I pass a good deal of my time here quite alone, so that I find myself whiling away the hours in meditation much oftener than when engaged in the more varied and active affairs of business at home. I think that I always leave Pittsfield with the better and purer part of my being somewhat strengthened." Burton concludes his immortal treatise with the advice: "Be not solitary, be not idle," but the true student in some part of his life at least, should know the "fruitful hours of still increase." For many years Bartlett enjoyed a leisure known to-day to few professors of medicine, the fruits of which are manifest in his writings. Among his contemporaries in the profession there were brilliant writers, — Samuel Henry Dickson, Jacob Bigelow, J. K. Mitchell, — but in a style so uniformly high and polished, yet withal so plain, not one of them approached Bartlett. Compare, for example, Samuel Jackson's "Principles of Medicine," written in 1832, with the first edition of the "Fevers" (1842) — the one pompous, involved, obscure; the other clear, direct, simple. For style in his medical writings Bartlett may be called the Watson or the Troussseau of America.

Bartlett was at his best in the occasional address, and, as we have noticed already, this talent was cultivated very early in his career, since we find him giving the Fourth of July oration before his fellow-citizens when he had been scarcely a year in Lowell. All of the lectures and addresses illustrate, as Holmes said, "that easy flow of language, that facility of expression, that florid warmth when occasion offers, which commonly marks the prose of those who are born poets." Among these addresses there are four or five worthy of a per-

manent place in our literature. Perhaps the most characteristic is one entitled, "The Head and the Heart, or the Relative importance of Intellectual and Moral Education," which is a stirring plea for a higher tone in social and political morality. In the same clear, ringing accent he speaks in his address on Spurzheim of the dangers of democracy. In a lecture on the "Sense of the Beautiful," delivered in 1843, Bartlett appears as an apostle of culture, pleading in glowing language for the education of this faculty. One short fragment I must quote: "Amongst the Hebrews, and in the age of Moses, it was linked to religion; it dwelt amidst the mysteries of Worship and Faith. It brought costly offerings to the costlier altar; it hung the tabernacle with its curtains of fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet; and with cherubim of cunning work; it arrayed the high priest of Jehovah in his gorgeous and consecrated garments, and on the mitre of pure gold upon his forehead, it graved, like the engraving of a signet—Holiness to the Lord. At a later day, and amongst a widely different people, it became the handmaid of a refined and luxurious sensuality. It lapped the soul of Greece in a sensual elysium. Its living impersonations were Pericles and Aspasia. It called the mother of love from the froth of the sea, and bound her zone with its cestus; it filled the hills of Arcady with fleet Oreads; it graced with half naked Naiads the fountains and the rivers. It crowned the Aeropolis with the Parthenon, and it embodied its highest conceptions of physical grace and beauty in the Venus and the Apollo. At other periods during the history of our race, it has manifested itself in other forms than these; under other circumstances, aspects and influences, and with other results."

The Head
and the
heart.

The Sense
of the
Beautiful.

In 1848 he delivered the Fourth of July oration before his old friends in Lowell. At the opening he refers to the fact that twenty years before he had occupied the same position. "It was the dewy morning of my manhood; 'time had not thinned my flowing hair'; life, with its boundless hopes and its golden visions, spread far and fair before me; and cheered by your words of encouragement, and aided by your helping hands,—your associate and co-worker, and in your service; a stranger, but welcomed with frank confidence and trust,—I had just entered upon its arduous and upward pathway."

Fourth of
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In 1849 appeared a "Brief Sketch of the Life, Character and Writings of William Charles Wells," the South Carolinian Tory, who subsequently became a distinguished man of science in London, and who was well known for his researches on the phenomena of dew.

One of the last of Bartlett's publications was "A Discourse on the Times, Character and Writings of Hippocrates," delivered as an introductory address before the trustees, faculty and medical class of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, at the opening of the session of 1852-53. The three pictures⁶ which he gives of Hippocrates, as a young practitioner in the Isle of Thasos, at the death-bed of Pericles, and as a teacher in the Isle of Cos, are masterpieces worthy of Walter Savage Landor. In no words of exaggeration the late George D. Prentice said, "There are but few word pictures in the English language that exceed the grandeur and loveliness of that one called into being by Dr. Bartlett in which he imagines Pericles upon his death-bed with Hippocrates in attendance."

It is remarkable how many physicians write poetry, or what passes as such. I have been told of a period in the history of the Royal College of Physicians of London when every elect (censor), as they were called, had written verses. Some begin young, as did Bartlett; others become attuned in the deep autumnal tone of advancing years, when, as Plato tells us in the *Phaedo*, even Socrates felt a divine impulsion to make verses before quitting the prison house. Those of us who have read the epic of the late distinguished Professor George B. Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania, entitled, "First and Last," published when he was sixty-four, will devoutly hope that professors of medicine, when afflicted with this form of madness, will follow his example and publish their poems anonymously and in another country. Jacob Bigelow, too, when nearly seventy, "darkened sanctities with song" with his American "Rejected Addresses" (Eolopoeisis).

Dr. Bartlett had poetical aspirations early in life. In a letter to his sister of Dec. 3, 1826, he speaks of having seen in New York, in the *Garland*, "two fugitive pieces which some months before I had made use of to fill up the corner of a newspaper, but what sense they might have contained had

⁶ The reader will find these pictures in an appendix to this lecture.

been turned into nonsense, and I blushed for my wandering orphans, notwithstanding they had been so well dressed, and though they had found their way into pretty respectable company. I should have blushed for myself had they been exhibited to the public as my offspring." In another letter of the same period we see how completely he had passed beneath the yoke of Byron.

In December, 1854, Bartlett issued a little volume entitled, "Simple Settings in Verse, for Six Portraits and Pictures from Mr. Dickens's Gallery," the inditing of which had been, as he says, a pleasant occupation which had helped to while away and fill up many an hour which would otherwise have been weary or vacant in his invalid life. I have already spoken of one, "An Allegory," in which are autobiographical details. I cannot do better than to quote from an appreciative notice which his friend Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote of the little volume. "When, to the friends he had loved, there came a farewell gift, not a last effort of the learning and wisdom they had been taught to expect from him, but a little book with a few songs in it, songs with his whole warm heart in them, they knew that his hour was come, and their tears fell fast as they read the loving thoughts that he had clothed in words of natural beauty and melody. The cluster of evening primroses had opened and the night was close at hand."

Of a warm, affectionate nature,—a manhood fused with female grace,—to judge from the statements of contemporaries and friends, to know Bartlett was to love him. Alonzo Clark writes to him always as "Dear Brother," and says in one place, "We all wish that you were among us—not to work unless you choose, but that we might see that face of yours, and feel the influence of the mind that shines through it." His confrères, John Orne Green and Alonzo Clark, are invariably addressed as "Dear Brother." Among the letters is one of sympathy to Dr. Green, the desire of whose eyes had been taken away at a stroke. In it Bartlett unlocked his heart in a most touching and human appeal to the afflicted soul. It seems almost too sacred to quote, but after listening you will forgive me:

"**MY DEAR BROTHER:** What shall I say to the melancholy allusion, in the close of your letter, to the death of our

Simple Settings in Verse.

A Message of Comfort

dear Minerva? What poor words of mine can be of any service to one on whom the hand of the Great Chastener has been so heavily laid? How shall I, whose life has been comparatively so cloudless and serene, come, with the message of solace and encouragement, into the presence of one whose meridian sun has been shrouded in such utter and dreadful eclipse? But why should I not? Am I not a brother and a man? Has not bereavement been a guest in the dwelling of my childhood; has not death been a familiar visitor amid the scenes of my early friendships and happiness and hopes? And where, too, is the future — for us all — for me, as well as for yourself? We but follow each other through the furnace of affliction, as we follow each other to the grave. Who of us has so hedged in his earthly treasures that the spoiler cannot easily break through the frail enclosure, and rifle him, in a moment, of the choicest and best? The lines of the Christian poet, familiar to me, chiefly, from the lips of a now sainted mother, occur to my memory here:

‘The spider’s most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man’s tender tie
On earthly bliss; — it breaks at every breeze.’

We are brothers, then, in all the liabilities and contingencies and uncertainties of the future. Let us be brothers and fellow helpers, also, in its hopes and its duties. There can be no entire and hopeless wretchedness for the soul of man, except that which arises from its self-inflicted degradation. The sweet sister, the affectionate daughter, the beautiful bride, and the young mother, was taken away in the clear, unclouded morning of her life — taken away, but where? And by whom? The flower was transplanted from an earthly garden — a fair and sunny one, it is true, but from an earthly garden — to be set forever where no worm can feed on its root, where no decay can ever dry up its bloom — in the Paradise of God. By whom? Taken away — by her Father, from a far-off country, where she was only a sojourner or a pilgrim — to her beautiful and eternal home. Take these thoughts into your heart, and they shall lighten up, or drive away, the darkness of the past, and, what is better, they shall again cheer your future with the once familiar forms and faces of Happiness and Hope. How can we know what, even of present good, our indulgent Father may have in store

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for us? He may have allotted to you many long years, to be filled up first with duty, and, if filled with duty, to be crowned, also, with the cheerful light of social and domestic joy. You may say, perhaps, that this is all very well for me to say, but that I know nothing about it. But I do know something of the mutability of all earthly things. This uncertainty has long been to me a daily theme of meditation; so I am not wholly a stranger. But I have found an antidote to the gloom and sadness which would otherwise occasion in remembering that all things are in the hands of a Wise Disposer, and the surest way to please Him, as well as to secure our own present as well as future peace, is to submit to His dispensations and to follow on in the course of active and cheerful duty to Him, to our fellows and to ourselves."

When at Louisville some obscure nervous trouble, the nature of which I have not been able to ascertain, attacked Dr. Bartlett. Against it in New York he fought bravely but in vain, and after the session of 1853-54 retired to Smithfield, his native place. The prolonged illness terminated in paralysis, but, fortunately, did not impair his mental faculties in the slightest degree. He died on the 19th of July, 1855.

From the many eulogies which appeared after Bartlett's death, I select a portion of one written by his dearest friend, Alonzo Clark, as the preface to the fourth edition of the "Fevers." "Sixteen months ago, he closed his brilliant professional career, after years of growing bodily weakness and pain; his mind not dimmed by his physical infirmities, but bright and comprehensive, glowing with the memories of the past, and the visions of the future. He died too soon for the profession he adorned. The clock had hardly marked twelve at noon, on the dial plate of life, when its pendulum strokes grew faint and gradually fainter to the ear; and now, at length, when all is still, the hand that notes the hours points sadly upward, to indicate how much of daytime still remained to reap the harvest of affection and honor, in those fields from which he had already garnered up so many golden sheaves. He died, alas! too soon. The whole profession are his mourners; for conspicuous as he had become by his medical writings and his extended professional labors, his acknowledged worthiness, his innate gentleness and modesty

Illness and
Death.

Alonzo
Clark's
Eulogy.

disarmed envy. He left no enemies. His mind and purpose were pure, almost beyond example. His high mental endowments were controlled and directed by a considerate judgment and an earnest, benevolent heart; and as the laws of refraction, wrought out into mathematical formulæ, enable the lapidary to construct the facets which open the fountains of the many-colored diamond, so, for him, cultivation and elegant taste had brought out the varied and winning native lights of his rich, intellectual, moral and social nature."

In translating the "Lives of Eminent French Physicians," Bartlett said he had a two-fold object: "First, the delineation of distinguished professional character and attainment, and, secondly, by the influence of such high examples to awaken in the younger members of the medical body a more devoted and worthy emulation of the great masters of our art." In this spirit I appear before you to-day, glad to tell over the story of your countryman — the story of "a life in civic action warm," one that all "the muses deck't with gifts of grace," a distinguished teacher, an author of widespread influence and distinction, a serene philosopher, but above all a man in whom you may recognize, even from the brief and imperfect sketch which I have given,

"A likeness to the wise below,
A kinship with the great of old."

APPENDIX.

A SKETCH OF HIPPOCRATES.¹

In one of the years of the 88th Olympiad, in the island of Thasos, fronting the Thrasian city of Abdera, there was sadness in the house of Silenus, for its young master had been seized with sudden and alarming illness—the fiery *causus* of the climate. The year had been marked by some meteorological and epidemic peculiarities. A little before the rising of Arcturus—that is, just previous to the autumnal equinox, and while this constellation was still upon the horizon, there had been heavy and frequent rains, with winds from the north. Towards the equinox, and up to the setting of the Pleiades, there were light rains with southerly winds. During the winter, the winds were cold, strong, and dry from the north, with snow. Towards the vernal equinox, there were violent storms. The spring was cold and rather wet, with winds from the north. Towards the summer solstice, there were light rains and the temperature was cool till near the approach of the dog-days. After the dog-days and until the rising of Arcturus, the summer was marked by great heat; not at intervals, but constantly. There was no water. Summer-etesien-winds were prevalent. From the rising of Arcturus to the time of the equinox, there were rains with the wind from the south.

During the winter, the general health of the Thasians was good, excepting an epidemic prevalence of paralysis. At the opening of spring, the *causus* showed itself, and continued to prevail up to the autumnal equinox. During the early part of the season, the disease was mild; but after the autumn rains, it became more severe, and carried off a great many of its subjects. . . . Dysenteries prevailed also during the summer; and some patients with fever even, who had had hemorrhages, were attacked with dysentery: this happened to the slave of Eraton, and to Myllus. . . . There was much sickness amongst the women. . . . Many had difficult labors, and were sick subsequently; this was the case with the daughter of Telebolus, who died on the tenth day after her confinement. . . . When the *causus*

¹ From a Discourse on the Times, Character, and Writings of Hippocrates, by Elisha Bartlett.

proved fatal, death commonly took place on the sixth day, as in the cases of Epaminondas, Silenus, and Philiscus, son of Antagonas. . . . The parotid glands suppurred in the case of Cratistonax, who lived near the temple of Hercules; and also in that of the servant of Scymmus, the fuller.

But omitting any further details of the prevailing diseases of the year, let us return to the bedside of the young patient in Abdera. It is the third day of his disease; he has had a restless and distressed night, with some wandering of the mind; the symptoms are all worse in the morning, and his family and neighbours are anxious and alarmed. The occupations and order of that old Thasian household are interrupted and broken up. A fresh offering has been placed on the altar of the household Jove, standing in the centre of the inner court. The sound of the flute and the cithera has ceased; there is no animated talk of the last winners at the Isthmian or the Olympian games; the clatter of the loom and the domestic hum of the spinning wheel are no longer heard; the naked feet of the slaves and the women fall carefully and silently upon the uncarpeted floors, and an unwonted stillness reigns throughout the numerous apartments of the dwelling. There is no savory steam of roasting wild-boar from the kitchen, and the fragrant Thracian wine stands untasted on the table, with a few plain barley-cakes and a little salt fish.

Silenus lies in his sleeping chamber, in the quiet interior part of the house, adjoining the apartments of the women, farthest from the vestibule, and near to the garden. By the bed of the sick man, there is a small tripod stand, with a circular top, and upon it there is a statuette of Hercules, a bowl of warm barley-water, and a cup of oxymel.

Leaning her head on the foot of the bed and sobbing, sits, on a low stool, a young Greek woman, beautiful in her features, and graceful in the flowing outlines of her person, as the Thessalian maidens of Homer. There is a picturesque combination of barbarian rudeness and Grecian elegance in her appearance, not an unfitting type and expression of the age and state of society, in the midst of which she lived. Her feet and ankles are bare; she wears only a single garment—the long Ionic chiton of linen—with large sleeves reaching only a little below the shoulders, leaving uncovered, in their snowy whiteness, arms that might have rivalled those of the jealous queen of Olympus. A girdle fastens the robe loosely round a waist, like that of the Medician Venus, innocent of the deformities of buckram and whalebone. The light auburn hair is simply parted and carried back from the forehead, gathered in a knot on the crown of the head, fastened with a golden grasshopper, and held by a coif of golden network.

At the head of the bed, watching steadfastly and earnestly the appearance of the patient, is seated his physician, the already celebrated son of Heraclides and Phenaretes, Hippocrates of Cos. He has just entered the apartment, to make his morning visit. His sandals have been taken off, and his feet washed by a slave in the vestibule. He wears over his linen tunic a large flowing mantle of light fine woolen, suited to the season, not unlike the later toga of the Romans, fastened at the neck with a cameo of *Esculapius*, and falling in graceful folds nearly to his feet. His hair is long, and both this and his beard are kept and arranged with scrupulous neatness and care. He is thirty years old, in the very prime and beauty of early manhood. His features, through these misty shadows of many centuries, we cannot clearly distinguish, but we see that his face is dignified, thoughtful and serene; and his whole aspect, manner and expression are those of high, antique breeding, of refined culture, and of rather studied and elaborate elegance.

His examination of his patient was long, anxious and careful. He saw at once that the gravity and danger of the disease had increased since his last visit. He inquired very minutely into the manner in which the night had been passed; and was told by the watchers that the patient had had no sleep, that he had talked constantly, had sung and laughed, and had been agitated and restless. He found the hypochondria tumeified, but without much hardness. The stools had been blackish and watery, and the urine turbid and dark colored. He noticed the temperature and feel of the skin, and he studied for a long time and with great solicitude the general manner and appearance, the decubitus, the breathing, the motions, and especially the physiognomy of the patient. The only circumstance in the examination that would have particularly attracted the attention of a modern witness of the scene, would have been his omission to feel the pulse. With this exception, no examination of the rational symptoms of disease could have been more thorough and methodical.

Having satisfied himself as to the state of his patient, he retired to an adjoining room, followed by some of the attendants, to give directions in regard to the few simple remedies that he intended to use. The patient had already been bled, and had had a purgative of black hellebore. Hippocrates directed, that instead of the strained decoction of barley, which had been the patient's drink, he should now have honey and water—the favorite hydromel—that the bed should be made softer—the windows of the room still farther darkened, and that a warm flax-seed poultice, softened with olive oil, should be applied to the abdomen.

With a sad but decided expression of his fears as to the issue of the case, and a few kindly and pious words to the weeping

wife, about the dignity, the solace, and the duty, in all our trials, of submission to the will of the gods, he gathered his mantle gracefully about him, had his sandals refitted by the slave who waited in the vestibule, and proceeded on his daily round of visits among the houses of the city.

And now, leaving the sterile island of Thasos, let us follow the young physician to another sick chamber — to a scene of domestic life, still further illustrative of that remote and wonderful period, with which we are concerned.

The time is a year or two later — it is the house of Pericles that we enter, and we stand by the death-bed of the great and venerable Archon. Every thing in the spacious apartment indicates the pervading presence — not of obtrusive grandeur, or of showy and ostentatious wealth, — but of stately elegance, and of high, various, many-sided luxury, culture, and refinement. Philosophy, letters, and art breathe in the quiet atmosphere of the room; and the taste of Aspasia sheds an Asiatic grace over its furnishing and its decorations. In one corner stands a statue of Minerva, from the chisel of Phidias; and the walls are covered with pictures, fresh from the pencils of Panænus and Polygnotus, illustrating the legendary and historic glories of Greece. There might have been seen Théseus, bearing off from the field of victory, on the banks of the Thermôdon, the masculine and magnificent queen of the Amazons — half willing, perhaps, to be the captive of such a victor; Jason, in his good ship Argo, with his fifty selectest heroes, convoyed by the queen of love, the awful Hère, and Apollo, winds his various and adventurous voyage, crowded with poetic imagery and romantic incident, and brings back the golden fleece from Colchis; — Helen, at her loom, is weaving into her “golden web” the story of the Trojan wars; — the chaste Penelope, by the light of her midnight lamp, undoes the delusive labors of the day; — Ulysses, returned from his long wanderings, surveys once more, with boyish pride and delight, the dear old bow, which no arm but his could bend.

The central figure on that old historic canvas that I have endeavored to unroll before you, is that of the dying statesman. Raised and resting, in solemn and august serenity, upon its last pillow, lies that head of Olympian grandeur, which — I may say it without presumption — after the lapse of nearly twenty-three centuries, now finds, for the first time, its fitting representative and likeness — as the character and career of the great Athenian find their counterparts also — in that illustrious orator and statesman, who now walks in solitary majesty amongst us — the pride, the strength, the glory, of the Republic — the Pericles of our

Athens — whose Acropolis is the Constitution of his country — whose Propylaea are the freedom and the federation of the States.

Added to the calamities of that long and disastrous interneceine struggle between the two rival cities of Greece, which had just begun, Athens was now afflicted with that terrible visitation of the plague, the history of which has been left to us by Thucydides; and Pericles was sinking under a protracted and wearing fever — the result of an attack of the disease.

His long and glorious life is about to close. He had been, for more than an entire generation — if never the first Archon, and not always the most popular — by common consent the most eminent citizen, statesman, and orator of the republic — the great defender of her constitution — the champion of her freedom and her rights — the upholder and the magnifier of her renown. Political rivals, disappointed partisans, and a few malignant personal enemies, and professional libellers and satirists, had been hostile to his career, and had endeavored to blacken his fair fame; but his strong and unshaken democratic faith — his far-seeing sagacity — his firmness and moderation — his enlarged, liberal, humanizing, conservative, and pacific policy — his moral courage and independence, and his high public probity, had triumphed over them all; and although by braving the prejudices of his friends and supporters, in his devotion to the general weal, he had gathered over his declining sun some clouds of public disfavor — the sense of justice, and the feeling of gratitude in the minds of his countrymen were quick to return — the clouds were already scattered, or they served only to deepen and reflect the setting splendor which, for a moment, they had intercepted and obscured.

Many of his near personal friends and relatives had already fallen victims to the pestilence. Both his sons had perished, and the young Pericles — the child of Aspasia — had been sent away, with his mother, for safety, into Thessaly. Phidias, and his old teacher, Anaxagoras, his

"Gv de, philosopher, and friend,"

had died a little while before the breaking out of the epidemic. Those who were left had now gathered around the bed of the dying Archon, to receive the rich legacy of his parting words, and to pay to him the last solemn and kindly offices of life.

Not often in the world's history has there met together a more august and illustrious company. These are a few of those whom we are able to recognize amongst them. Resting his head on the shoulder of Socrates, and sobbing aloud in unrestrained and passionate sorrow, leans the wild and reckless Alcibiades — just in

the first bloom of that resplendent personal beauty which made him seem to the eyes, even of the Greeks, more like the radiant apparition of a young Apollo, than any form of mere earthly mould — subdued, for the first time in his life, and probably for the last — by the spectacle before him, of his dying relative and guardian — to reverence, tenderness, and truth. Sophocles, his old companion in arms, is there; and near him, in his coarse mantle, and with unsandaled feet, may have stood a grandson of Aristides, still poor with the honorable poverty of his great ancestor.

Conspicuous amidst this group of generals, admirals, statesmen, orators, artists, poets, and philosophers,—in rank and fortune, in social position, in reputation, in learning, culture, and refinement, their equal and associate, sits the young physician of Cos. Already had his rising fame reached Athens, and when the city, overcrowded with the inhabitants of Attica, driven from their homes by the armies of Sparta, was smitten with the pestilence, he was summoned from his island home in the *Ægean*, to stay, if he could, the march of the destroying angel, and to succor with his skill those who had fallen under the shadow of its wings.

On a gentle declivity, looking toward the south-west, in the small island of Cos, lying in the *Ægean* sea, a few stadia from the coast of Asia Minor, stands the temple of *Æsculapius*. Its Ionic columns, and its ornamented friezes of Pentelican marble, glitter and flash in the sun-light, as we watch them through the swaying branches of the ancient oaks, chestnuts, and elms, that make the sacred grove of the temple. In the centre of the principal room, or cella, of the temple, and fronting the entrance, stand statues of *Æsculapius*, and his daughters, Hygiea and Panacea. On each side of the entrance are marble fountains of lustral water, for the preliminary purification of the sick visitors to the temple.

Near a column of the temple, and holding a roll of papyrus in his left hand, stands Hippocrates. Gathered about him, in picturesque little groups, there is a company of Greek youths. Their tasteful and elegant costumes, their earnest and intelligent faces, and their general air and bearing, all show plainly enough the superior refinement and culture of the class to which they belong. They are medical students, young Asclepiades, who have assembled here from the several states of Greece, to acquire the clinical skill and experience of the great surgeon and physician of Cos, and to listen to the eloquent lessons of the illustrious professor.

Thirty years have gone by since we met him at the bedside of the dying Pericles. The lapse of this generation has thinned his flowing hair, and sprinkled his beard with silver.

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It would be gratifying if we could know something of his personal history during this long and active period of his life. We know but little, however, and this little is dim and shadowy. That he had led a life of activity and usefulness, and of growing reputation, and that he had visited various portions of Greece, is certain. What he himself had witnessed, and must have felt, we know well enough. He had seen, for this whole period, his country torn and distracted by civil war—state arrayed against state, city against city; he had mourned over the disastrous expedition of Athens against Syracuse; and shooting athwart all the murky darkness of this troubled and stormy period—instead of the benignant sun of Pericles—the baleful rays of the star of Alcibiades, setting at last, but too late for his country, in ignominy and blood.

I have not departed from the strictest limits of historical probability, in assigning to Hippocrates the high powers of didactic and persuasive oratory. One of the most potent agencies in the development of Greek intellect, and the advancement of Greek civilization, consisted in the general prevalence of public teaching and recitation. For many successive centuries, it was from the living lips of bards and rhapsodists, kindled with coals from the glowing altars of patriotism and religion,—and not through the medium of any cold and silent written records, that the immortal strains of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* rang through the land, and were made literally familiar as household words. Even up to an advanced period of Grecian culture, the art of writing was but little practiced; and it was by speech, and not by reading, that statesmen, poets, orators, philosophers, and historians acted upon their disciples and the public. Then, the evidence derived from his writings is full and conclusive, that Hippocrates was not merely a skillful physician, but that he was learned in all the philosophy and literature of his age. Plato speaks of the Asclepiades, his contemporaries, as men of elegant and cultivated minds, who, in the explanations they give to their patients, go even to the heights of philosophy. It is no violation, then, of historic probability, to presume that the great philosophic and practical physician—who had been trained in this unrivaled school of human speech—who had listened to the eloquence of Pericles in the public assemblies, or been charmed by the “colloquial magic of Socrates,” in the market-place, should have been himself, also, a master of this high power of instructive and persuasive speech. It is by no forced or illegitimate exercise of the fancy, that we look back to the scene I have endeavored to sketch. And with little danger of departing far from the truth, we may imagine what would be likely to constitute the theme of his discourse, especially if the occasion was one of unusual interest or solemnity,

such as the opening or closing of one of his courses of instruction — the Introductory Lecture — or the Valedictory Address to the graduating class of the school of Cos, at the term of the first year of the 95th Olympiad.

The character of Hippocrates, his position, his close observation of nature, his knowledge, his philosophy, the times in which he lived, the circumstances which surrounded him, all conspired to make him a polemic and a reformer. He would probably take such an occasion as that of which I am speaking, to defend and to vindicate the great principles of his system; and he would be likely to begin with an exposition of the errors of medical doctrine and practice, most important and most generally prevalent. I do not suppose that our illustrious historical father was wholly exempt from the infirmities of our common nature; and it is very possible that in his animadversions upon the system of his Cnidian neighbors, there were mingled some ingredients more spicy than Attic salt; and he may have indulged, perhaps, in some allowable self-congratulation, that the class of Cos was so much larger than that at Cnidus.

I suppose, however, that as President of the college, he would, in a graceful and dignified exordium, give his greeting and welcome to the members of the class; he would express his gratification at seeing so numerous an assemblage from so many of the states of Greece — from the North and the South, the East and the West — from Attica, and Beotia, and the Peloponnesus — from distant Sicily, and even from Egypt.

After this, or some similar appropriate introduction, he would probably continue by warning his hearers against the subtle and dangerous errors of superstition — of the old theurgic faith. He would speak of the great revolution that had so recently taken place in the Greek mind, even then only partially accomplished; he would describe in colors such as only he could use, who had felt this change in his own spirit, and who had witnessed it all about him — the gradual dawn and the final rising of the central, solar idea of a simple spiritual theism, of fixed laws, of invariable relations and sequences of events, in the economy of nature. As he sketched the outlines of this great and pregnant history, he could hardly fail to linger for a moment, with something of the passionate enthusiasm of his early years, and with something also of their strong and simple faith, upon that gorgeous theurgic and mythological creation of the Greek mind, which marked its legendary and religious period. He would speak of this mythology, and its various and beautiful legends, in no cynical or bigoted tone, but with philosophical toleration, and with something even of loving sympathy and admiration. He would say it was the genial and natural product of the quick, susceptible, many-sided Greek

mind, in the period of its childhood and adolescence. Kindling with his old enthusiasm, he would have likened that early age, peopled with its gods and demi-gods, its beautiful women and heroic men, to its own young Apollo — the bloom of immortal youth on his beaming forehead, his flowing locks sweet with the ambrosia of the dewy morning of life, and all his form radiant with a divine beauty. He would have said that the present high civilization of his country was in a great degree the growth of seed planted in that genial soil, and nurtured by that genial sun; that Greek character, and art, and philosophy, are all still steeped in the glorious light of the old Homeric age.

In the third place, he would have warned his hearers against the seductive but dangerous influences of the philosophers. These men, he would have said, are, for the most part, idle dreamers, and they are nothing else. I know them well. They affect superior wisdom, and they look down disdainfully upon the physician, and the patient observer of nature. They seem to think that the economy of the universe, including the human system, in health and disease, can be ascertained and understood by a sort of intellectual divination, which they call wisdom and philosophy, but which is in reality only empty hypothesis and idle speculation. He would then have entered into an examination of these systems; he would have exhibited their radical errors and defects — he would have compared them with the humbler philosophy of observation and experience, and he would have shown that they had accomplished nothing, and that in the very nature of things they could accomplish nothing, for the advancement of real knowledge.

As he gazed upon that most impressive spectacle before him,— so many of his young countrymen, gathered at the peaceful summits of science and humanity from all portions of the Grecian territory, filled with hope, with ardor, with promise, life's full and radiant future stretching far and fair before them,—a cloud of sadness could hardly fail to throw its shadow over his features, as he remembered the long thirty years of civil discord, of deadly internecine strife, through which his country had just passed; and his closing words could hardly fail to rise into a patriotic and Pan-Hellenic hymn, the burden of which should be, that the glory, and happiness, and safety of Greece, were to be found in the union of her states; that they whom he addressed — his young friends and disciples — were the common and equal heirs of the glory of Marathon and Thermopylae; that they all spoke the language of Homer; that while they need not forget, but might be proud even, that they were Spartans, or Athenians, or Thebans, or Thessalians, they ought to remember with a higher pride, that they were also, and more than all, Greeks; that they had a common country, and that a common destiny awaited them.